

"Rebel Arms"

(feat. Da Circle, J. Arch)

[Intro: DJ Green Lantern]

What you thought it was over?!

Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker

Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now?

"It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that!

Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh?

We'll have some clout.."

"I didn't get into this for that!"

"Well that's all there is!"

"Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu

I can get more clout and more money on the STREET

than I can get followin your ass..."

[Immortal Technique]

(Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah

The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches

And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches

And we don't got, no mansion or riches

But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures

And everybody loses in war, but you lose more

What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for?

Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll

for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall

Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me

I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi

RBG to the last drop of blood in my body

Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami

But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq

Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack

Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap

While we waitin on the next stock market collapse!

[Da Circle]

It's territorial, oratory editorial

Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial

I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo

Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you

I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you

You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you

I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you

Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you

The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too

The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through

(But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms

The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm

And this way we ix-nay on any harm

Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs

We marching units in, the soul is true within
Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in

Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons
The rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron
Slash your own beast, you heard (Mark of the East)
Runnin through cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!"
Hormones in the water (water) they actin out of order
Like a pack of rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter
Crush your man to bull, rip the drums like Animal
Eat 'em seeds, save my own kind, I'm a cannibal
My regimen salute me, haters wanna shoot me
Kool-Aid in their veins, they'll always try to sue me
You sell crack and rap, did a scared bid
Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo' kids

Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck
Chemical warfare where punchlines connect
Da Circle play the snipers, with Immortal Tech'
They called the block govenor to drag him of the set!

[J. Arch]

Rebel arms out for supremacy and move non-gimmicky
Related to royalty on each trip you mention me
Twist bars illest-ly, rebel against the infantry
Get more than yo' feet wet when I make you a memory
Cats not ready because they commercially industry
I make house calls to those afraid to visit me
Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their cheddy
Arch don't breakdance, yet I (Rock Steady)
I jump on your scope to prove your aim not deadly
My shot to the top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly
Flow milky like the tits of a chick, that's top heavy
The (Technique's Immortal) so Rebel Arm's the regiment
Arch status nicer than, other rappers ever been
My cantine's full from when the doc don't got medicine
Five-star general, frontline veteran

[Outro: DJ Green Lantern]

Invasion baby!
Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin
Immortal Technique...
Oh yeah, don't forget
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon
You're not worthy, you sons-of-bitches!